

Ninety-one per cent. of the farmers in Utah own their farms.

Encouraging reports continue to come from the cotton manufacturers of the South.

The average time spent by the British House of Lords in the Nation's work, according to a contemporary, is fifteen minutes per day.

Australia is a country without orphans or an orphanage. Each waif is taken to a receiving house, where it is kept until a country home is found for it.

The new programme of public instruction adopted in France devotes more time to the study of English and less to the study of German.

In thirty-six State prisons in this country solitary confinement is used as a punishment, and in twenty the prisoner is handcuffed to the wall.

An English widower returns thanks to a choir for their sweet singing at his wife's funeral, "thereby enlivening and brightening up the dullness and monotony which not infrequently characterizes a funeral service."

Russia has decided to spend a quarter of a billion in the improvement of her navy. This is a pretty expensive outlay in pursuance of a plan to keep the peace; but the leading powers of Europe are not stopping at expense. England will have to meet these figures, and France can be relied upon to slide several big war ships into the water. It looks to the Detroit Free Press as though the test of modern naval improvements was not far off, and it may be followed by very material changes in the map of the eastern continent.

Says the New York Observer: "The poor we have always with us—and the lazy. To discriminate between them is somewhat of a task. In some cases the wood-pile marks the division. They go to the right or left according to their disposition. Some of the hungry go right to work, while by others the opportunity to labor, and so earn a breakfast, is left severely alone. If the newspapers are to be believed, and we see no reason for doubting what the papers say, in some places as few as ten or twelve cents a day will buy a man to do the work. When men were recently asked for from Milwaukee by a Chicago business firm, the answer came that while there was plenty of steady work in the Wisconsin woods for willing men at fair wages, the men were not to be had. There was work, and there were workers enough, but the men were shy and refused to be introduced."

The New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, which keeps a daily record of the fires in this country, and is deservedly high authority on all questions of insurance, reports the total losses by fire in the United States and Canada in the year 1893 at \$156,445,875, against \$132,704,700 in 1892. In but one month of 1893 did the total of fire losses sink below \$10,000,000, and that was in February, when the returns of the Journal of Commerce place the figures at \$9,919,900. The same paper reports 235 fires in December of a greater destructiveness than \$10,000 each. It says that the underwriters attribute much of the loss to careless installation of electric light and power plants. Under these circumstances it ought to be the occasion of more than insurance interest to learn that the electric risk is being investigated by experts who are gathering particulars of all the fires traceable to electricity. Electricity is a good servant who will bear a lot of watching.

The Baltimore Sun's tribute to the South is worthy of reproduction: "Less complaint has been heard from the South during the last eight or ten months than from any other part of the country, but this is not because the people of this section have not felt the financial stringency, but because they have learned to suffer and be strong and silent, too. They are not given to making an outcry every time they come to rough places in the road of life. For a people who, prior to 1860, enjoyed an exceptionally luxurious existence, the manner in which they bore the poverty and privations that followed the war was amazing in its calm strength and quiet endurance, and was fully as heroic as their bearing during that conflict. The bravery and patience with which they have since struggled to redeem their fortunes have been no less admirable, and their progress toward prosperity has been noted with heartfelt interest by their friends in other sections."

There were 200 lynchings in the United States last year, a decrease of thirty-six from the year before.

The railways of England and Scotland derive a larger revenue from their goods than from their passenger traffic, those of Ireland the reverse.

The Hartford Journal has noted that when in its normal condition the heart beats seventy-five times a minute. But when a fellow meets his girl with a rival it reaches 175.

"One effect of hard times," philosophizes the Farm and Ranch, "is to demonstrate the superiority of agriculture over all other industrial pursuits. The grand army of workers, homeless and hungry, is not composed of farmers."

Frederick Remington says that the revelations of instantaneous photography taught him to observe more closely than ever the appearance of the horse in motion, and to catch with the naked eye some of those peculiarities of the legs that made people laugh when instantaneous photography was first brought to bear upon the movements of animals. Mr. Remington declines to make his horses look like the products of instantaneous photography, but he draws what he sees, and what less acute observers often fail to see.

The Supreme Court of New York has rendered a decision which confirms the title of the dead to the graves in which they lie, and, it is hoped, will put a stop to the desecration of their resting places under the pretense of public improvement. It appears that a cemetery in Brooklyn had been sold by the trustees, and one of the lot owners sued out an injunction to have his rights in the matter settled. The Supreme Court held that the owner of a lot in a cemetery held it absolutely in fee, and that the trustees could not sell it nor deprive him of it. The trustees, it seems, got a special act of the legislature to enable them to sell the cemetery, but the judge said that the legislature cannot give them power to sell what they do not own, and can give no title to.

Among the men who have died during the year...

Among the men who have died during the year: Alexander of Battenberg, once the Prince of Bulgaria; ex-President Hayes, General Benjamin F. Butler, Chief Justice Lamar and Blatchford, Hamilton Fish, Beauregard and Smith, Confederate generals; the Earl of Derby, Miribel, chief of the French general staff; MacMahon, ex-President of France; Jules Ferry, Senator Stanford, the founder of Leland Stanford University; Sir A. T. Galt, Sir John Abbot, ex-Premier of Canada; "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, Tirard, a former Premier of France, and Admiral Tryon, of the Victoria, first of English naval officers of the day. The church, in its various members, has lost Phillips Brooks, who is claimed by the church universal; Dr. A. P. Peabody, Dr. Philip Schaff, Frederick Evans, the Shaker; Bishops Kip and Bissell and Brother Azarias. The ranks of the men of letters show few breaches, but among these are places once filled by Taine, Francis Parkman, Guy de Maupassant, John Addington Symonds, Mrs. Maria Lamb, founder of the Magazine of History; De Mille, Lucy Larcom, Professor Jewett and Dr. William Smith, the lexicographer. Among the scientists who have been taken away the names of Tyndall, Charcot and Professor Horsford, of Harvard, are the most prominent names. Others of this class are Craven, the inventor of the submarine cable; Lichtenthaler, the conchologist and marine botanist; Decandolle, a French botanist; Captain Anderson, who commanded the Great Eastern when laying the first Atlantic cable; Joseph Francis, the inventor of the life-boat; Colton, the map publisher; Viner, the meteorologist; Stephenson, builder of the first street car; Rae, the great Arctic explorer; Harvey, the inventor of the armor plate. Few men have died in 1893 whose loss has been more severely felt and whose name has been more widely honored than General Armstrong, founder of the Hampton Institute and friend of the freedman and the Indian. In this category, among those who did much for their fellow-men, may be mentioned also Anthony Drexel, George I. Seney and Colonel Auchmuty. Last, but by no means least, in the ghostly procession we notice Edwin Booth, greatest of American actors and a very rare character; Fanny Kemble, J. E. Murdock, Gonnod, the composer, and Tschikowsky, the Russian musician.

ON THE ROAD TO DREAMTOWN.

Come here, my sleepy darling, and climb upon my knee,
And lo! in a moment, a trusted steed 'twill be
To bear you to that country where troubles
Are forgot,
And we'll set off for Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot!

O listen! Bells of Dreamland are ringing
Soft and low!
What a pleasant, pleasant country 'tis
Through which we go;
And little, nodding travelers are seen
Every spot,
All riding off to Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot!

The lights begin to twinkle above us in the sky,
The star-lamps that the angels are hanging
Out on high,
To guide the drowsy travelers where danger
Lurketh not,
As they ride off to Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot!

Snug in a wild-rose cradle the warm wind
Rocks the bee;
The little birds are sleeping in every bush
And tree,
I wonder what they dream of? They dream,
And answer not,
As we ride by to Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot!

Our journey's almost over. The sleepy
Town's in sight
Wherein my drowsy darling must tarry
Overnight,
How still it is, how peaceful, in this delightful
Spot,
As we ride into Dreamtown,
Trot, Trot!

—Eben E. Rexford, in Independent.

RESCUED AT LAST.

BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.



FORWARD, I see counter!" shouted the floor-walker. "Miss Garrick, what are you thinking of? Show these ladies heliotope chiffon and be quick about it!"

Isola Garrick hurried to her post, with one hand pressed to her forehead. All day long she had suffered from a racking headache, but in this promising dry goods firm headaches were not "business," and no allowances were made for them.

"Why, mamma," whispered Isola, "I've got a headache." "Hush—hush!" said the other lady, who was stout and short, with a gold eyeglass and big diamonds in her ears. "We are not supposed to recognize her now. No"—to the young girl behind the counter—"this is not the right shade. This is violet, and I required for heliotope. Some people seem to be absolutely color blind!"

Isola looked wistfully at her aunt. Surely—surely she could not intend entirely to ignore her! But Mrs. Pierson Garrick's gaze was wholly unrecognizing.

"We have heliotope also," said she, taking down another box. "But the tall young lady tossed her head impatiently. "It isn't the right color at all!" said she. "Come away, mamma."

The floor-walker administered a sharp rebuke to Miss Garrick, when the customers were gone. "Really," he said, "it would seem as if a sale might have been made."

Isola's eyes brimmed over with tears which it would have been "unbusiness-like" to shed. Six months ago she had come, a timid, inexperienced orphan to New York, and naturally her first idea was to go to her father's brother, Mr. Pierson Garrick.

That gentleman, however, was not at home—he generally contrived to be out of the way when any embarrassing circumstance occurred—and his wife gave Isola to understand that it was quite impossible to do anything for her.

In the old Connecticut farmhouse a generous hospitality had always prevailed, and the girl could hardly believe that she was unwelcome to these relatives. "I dare say," said Mrs. Garrick, absently, "you can get something to do, for Satan finds some mischief still"—Oh, no, that isn't the right quotation! "Where there's a will, there's a way," was what I meant to say. But your uncle isn't at home, and Cornelia is just going out, and the house is full of company."

"I could wait a little while," hazarded Isola, glancing at an inviting easy-chair. "It would be of no use," sharply uttered the lady. "We really can't undertake to open a hotel for all our country cousins."

Isola rose, with burning cheeks and indignantly-sparking eyes, and bade her aunt good morning. Where to take herself she did not know, but of one thing she was quite certain—she would be no burden on these supercilious people.

dry goods house where she received the smallest possible salary for the largest possible amount of work. As it happened, Mr. Benjamin Garrick, of Rio Janeiro, was staying at the house on Lexington avenue, the one sole guest who represented the "household of company," mentioned by Mrs. Garrick.

In his younger days Cousin Ben had been the black sheep of the family. But the Pierson Garricks, who had been the loudest in his censure while he was under a financial cloud, were his most devoted adherents, now that he had come home the lucky possessor of ruby mines, railway shares and thriving coffee plantations.

"You must do your very best, Cornelia, to make yourself agreeable to him," said Mrs. Garrick to her tall daughter. "Who knows how he may decide to leave his money?"

"Oh, by-the-way!" said Cousin Ben, the first day that he came home to dinner. "I met Burley in the Exchange, and he was telling me that Alfred was dead."

"Yes," smiled Mrs. Garrick. "Some soup, Benjamin? It's lobster bisque, and very nice. Oh, yes—we are all mortal!"

"Well," quoth Ben, smiting the table with his fist, "there isn't a soul that I've calculated more on seeing when I came back than Alfred! Nobody but myself ever knew how good Alfred was to me in the days when all—yes, Louisa, you and Pierson, too—turned their back upon me. Ah, you never knew it, but I went up into the old garret one day, with a clothes line, to hang myself. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. And Alfred came after me—it was when that little baby of theirs was so ill of croup, and so was looking for herbs to make herb tea—and I tell you he talked to me as to one else had ever done. And he took his last five hundred dollars out of the bank and packed me off to South America with it. Oh, I sent back the money long ago! But what could you do for the kind words and the helping hand—eh? Poor Alfred! So he's dead? And that pretty little wife of his—and the child? She grew up, didn't she? What has become of her? I mean to go out to Elmville to-morrow and see after the child. They called her some strange Spanish name—Isidora or Isola. Alfred's wife was always fanciful."

Mr. Pierson Garrick swallowed his soup silently. Mrs. Garrick and her daughter exchanged glances behind the counter.

How lucky it was that they had sent their country cousin away! For the Garricks were money worshippers, and the idea of diverting one cent of Ben's fortune from their own coffers was terrible to them. Benjamin Garrick went to Elmville the next day, but to no purpose. The old house was closed, padlocked, and drifted knee high with frozen snow.

What had become of the solitary child with the strange Spanish name. And no one sympathized more deeply with him in his disappointment than Cornelia Garrick!

Isola had heard her father speak of the wayward cousin who had drifted off into the arid South, but that was all. Of his return she knew nothing, or she might have felt more hopeful that evening when the floor-walker notified her in an incidental way that, as it was necessary to cut down their expenses after the holidays, they had decided to dispense with her services thereafter.

Poor Isola! Did the floor-walker know that she had but twenty-five cents in her pocket? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that in all the great, dreary city she knew not whither to turn?

The man made some little careless jest as he counted out their week's salary, minus sundry fines, to her and the five other victims who were on the discharge list.

They looked blankly at each other, but went quietly away. What else was there to do?

"I must go to Mrs. Pierson Garrick now," said Isola, "even though she stared me full in the face and never chose to recognize me to-day. She is at least a woman, and she has a daughter of my own age."

The next day she paid her small stock of money to the confectioner's wife for the board bill—it was little enough, and the poor woman had sore need of it—and walked through the deep snow to the handsome house on Lexington avenue.

As she stood hesitating at the foot of the steps, a stout, elderly gentleman, dressed in a tail silk hat and a fur-trimmed overcoat, came down the hall.

He glanced casually at her, but she had turned away her face. It seemed as if everybody must know that she was a beggar, and the shame of it—oh, the shame of it!

"Pretty girl," said Cousin Ben to himself. "Hangs down her head too much, though."

"He has a kind face," thought Isola. "I wish Uncle Pierson was like him."

And then she timidly ascended the slippery steps and rang the bell.

Mrs. Pierson Garrick was adding up her housekeeping accounts in a pretty little room opening from her husband's library. Between the two apartments hung a portiere of richly-colored Italian silk.

She looked up indignantly as the parlor maid ushered in the unwelcome visitor. Fair Cornelia raised her eyes from the novel she was reading.

"Well, I declare!" cried she. "And what is it that brings you here, Isola? Did not mamma tell you that you must depend on yourself?"

"I never saw such assurance in my life!" said Mrs. Pierson Garrick, growing very red.

Isola looked pitifully from one to the other.

"I have tried to depend on myself," said she, "and I have failed. Please don't look so cruelly at me. All I ask is a little money to take me back to Elmville. I can get housework to do there, or I can work in the factory. But oh, this cruel city is killing me!"

"This is all nonsense, Isola," said she. "I have already told you that we can do nothing for you. Why don't you go to the intelligence bureau or the employment agencies? Mr. Pierson and myself have all our penniless relations. And I beg you will go away at once. This is dear Cornelia's at home day, and I can't have her nervous system upset. I—"

"Hello! what's all this?" spoke a deep voice, and Cousin Ben appeared from between the rich Roman portieres. "Who is this girl? Not Isola, Alfred Pierson's daughter? By Jove! I believe she has her father's very eyes! And what are you bullying her for, Louisa? Turning her out of your house? Then, as sure as my world, I'll go, too. Come here and kiss me, Isola. I've held you on my knee many a time when you were a baby. I'm your Cousin Ben, and your father was the best friend I ever had in the world. And I've looked for you—I've hunted high and low, and these people have allowed me to believe you were dead. Yes, Louisa," in answer to Mrs. Garrick's pleading glance, "I did go out, but I returned after a paper I had left behind me in Pierson's study, and so I heard it all. I couldn't believe that a woman could have been so false and cruel. Little Isola, will you come to me and be my adopted daughter? I owe more than that to your father's child."

And Isola ran, sobbing, into his arms.

That was the last of all the dark days she had endured. Nothing was too good thenceforward for Cousin Ben's adopted child.

But Mr. Pierson Garrick shrugged his shoulders. He was one who always laid the blame of things on other shoulders.

"You have outmanaged yourself, Louisa," said he.—Saturday Night.

Poisoned Arrows.

Poisoned arrows have been in use since time out of memory. We have it on the authority of both Strabo and Aristotle that the ancient Gauls poisoned both their arrows and the shafts of their spears with a preparation of vegetable poison extracted from what is now believed to have been a species of hellebore. The Scythians went a step farther and used the venom of serpents intermixed with the virus of putrid blood, the latter being one of the most active and incurable of the poisons known even to-day.

POET AND PEASANT.

A poet and peasant, side by side,
Together dwell within the self-same town;
The poet's fame was noted far and wide,
The peasant's not beyond the township's bound.

The poet sang of love and household joys,
But neither wife nor children made him glad;
The peasant had a wife, two girls and boys,
Who with him lived and his small cottage shared.

The poet mused, "What is this gift of mine?
'Tis but a dream, a hollow dream of bliss;
I would exchange it gladly at the shrine
Of Hymen's altar for a young child's kiss."

The peasant sighed while at his daily task,
Turning the furrows while he held the plow,
"Had I my neighbor's gift I would not ask
For higher honors to bedeck my brow."

Al! such is life, common fate of all,
With pain and pleasure ever strangely blent;
The gifts we crave on others lightly fall,
And with our own we never seem content.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man who labors under a delusion works for a bad paymaster. Anybody can see through people who make spectacles of themselves.—Dallas News.

The borrower is a good deal like pie-crust—he is very "short" and very sweet.—Truth.

When a man has no bills against him he must feel as if he belonged to the nobility.—Texas Siftings.

Eating one's own words isn't exactly a love-feast, but sometimes our friends enjoy seeing us do it.—Truth.

A man's worth and what a man's worth are, it frequently happens, widely different things.—Pack.

If a man gets up when the day breaks can he be said to have a whole day before him?—Minneapolis Times.

Sneezing is probably an effort of nature to force lazy people to take some exercise.—Milwaukee Journal.

Cholly—"Yams, we missed each other in the crowd." She—"That's just like her. She's always losing things."—Life.

A large part of the average hackman's success is doubtless due to his knowing how to take people.—Buffalo Courier.

Clarissa—"I owe you an apology, dearest." Fred—"Don't speak of it. I wish to remain a preferred creditor."—Pack.

"And do you ever invite your poor relations to visit you?" "O yes, indeed. You see they are all too poor to get here."—Judge.

"Bilke's is a strong face, or I'm no judge of physiognomy." "It ought to be."—Buffalo Courier.

living on it.—Buffalo Courier.